

CHARIVARIA.

THE NOBEL Committee has decided not to award a NOBEL Peace Prize this year. This should be a sore disappointment to the Archduke FRANCIS OF AUSTRIA, who will have to be content with a "Highly Commended."

At last we have heard something in favour of the Home Rule Bill. It is pointed out that, if that measure be passed, it will render it possible for Ireland to present the Mother Country with a *Dreadnought*.

We have not had to wait long for Germany's answer to Canada. The German Colony of the Cameroons has, it is rumoured, offered to present the Imperial Navy with a dinghy, free from all restrictions.

A divorce was granted the other day to a lady who declared that she was a servant in her own house. A smart insurance inspector is said to have demanded already to see her card.

"Moritz," the clever chimpanzee who could write and play the piano, has died at Brighton. Two weeks before his demise he developed a propensity for painting, but the report that his death was due to a dose of poison administered by a jealous Post-Impressionist is denied.

A description in *The Evening Standard* of a picture on view at the Chenil Gallery says:—"The two principal figures are surrounded by girls and children rejoicing in their joy.... One girl is clashing symbols." We are not told how many of the others are mixing their metaphors.

The "Kill that Fly!" movement progresses. An aeroplane, belonging to an Italian airman, which settled on a house at Palmer's Green, was destroyed.

Mr. PLOWDEN has been speaking and Mr. FILSON YOUNG has been writing on "The Dog Nuisance" in our streets. It is said that this has caused inventors once more to turn their thoughts to the production of a satisfactory motor-dog for towns.

The mutiny at Camp Hill Prison, Parkhurst, appears to have been due to ignorance on the part of some of the new arrivals of the fact that the attractive privileges of the hotel could only be enjoyed after a certain period of good conduct. They declare indignantly that, had they known this, they would never have qualified for admission.

A convict who attempted to escape from Dartmoor has been ordered to be deprived of pudding with his meals,

Sugar bowls in public restaurants having been condemned by a medical authority as disseminators of disease, a foreign restaurateur writes to us to say that every lump of sugar exposed at his establishment is dusted each morning by a charwoman.

There has been yet another robbery at the Central Criminal Court, a solicitor's clerk losing his coat and umbrella, and it may become necessary to make a regulation under which only criminals of good character will be admitted to the building.

As a consequence of the bogus fire-alarms, attributed to Suffragettes, it is thought unlikely, in the event of a fire-engine being called to a conflagration at the headquarters of the W. S. P. U., that the station receiving the message would win the prize for the smartest turnout of the year.

The sale of a painting by DEGAS for the big price of £17,400 is thought to have been due to a mistake, the purchaser being under the impression that the artist was dead.

How to Spend Christmas.

ALREADY, with a certain section of society, the un-English, un-Christmassy Christmas, which began to come into fashion some fifteen years ago, has grown into one of our good old national customs, and there's beginning to occur some restlessness, some tendency to break away from time-honoured habit.

For those who feel like that we have the best advice. Hang up your stocking over-night; wake early to see what has been put in it; get up cheerfully, be jolly at breakfast, and go to church with the rest of the family, shouting "Merry Christmas" to everybody you meet. Eat generously of turkey and plum pudding. Romp with the children, tip the postman, make the servants laugh, wear paper caps and false noses, and, when the time comes to go to bed, go to bed in your best temper.

The Kaiser incog.

"Savoff, the rough Bulgar Generalissimo, and Nazim Pasha, the supreme commander of the German army, clasped each other in silence."—*Daily Telegraph*.



The Man with the Rotten Umbrella. "Now THEN, WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING?"

and to wear an ugly yellow costume. Should he try to repeat his offence, he will be stood in the corner and compelled to wear tartan pyjamas.

It is the fashion nowadays to throw stones at the Church of England and those connected therewith. We extract the following peculiarly unkind paragraph from *The Liverpool Echo*:—"The appointment of the Rev. W. A. Rushworth, of Woolton, to be Vicar of Kirk Braddan, Isle of Man, has occasioned satisfaction throughout Woolton, as well as in church circles in Liverpool, where for five years he has been associated with the parochial work and diocesan organisations."

TO OUR MASTERS;

and, in particular, those North-Eastern Railwaymen who go on strike without excuse whenever the fancy occurs to them.

Not mine, a worm beneath your heel,
To cavil when, for joy of strife,
To "manhood's rights" you make appeal
And dislocate my ordered life,
And trample into pulp the general weal.

Not mine to mark the obvious flaws
In this arrangement; who am I
That I should claim a reasoned cause
For pledges ripped in two, or cry
Abuse of privilege throned above the laws?

I can but plead, perchance in vain,
"O Mighty Ones, let mercy wed
With strength of giants; kindly deign
To let me live and earn my bread
And travel, every now and then, by train!"

We do not ask to live up there
Where you, our betters, hold your sway,
Aloof in climes serene and rare,
Tangent to Heaven; we only pray
To be allowed to breathe some sort of air.

Charge for it any rent you will;
Out of the well-taxed monthly screw
Got by our brains' laborious skill
We'll keep the country snug for you;
Just let us stay alive; we'll pay the bill.

For they whose wisdom made decree
Setting one class above the rest—
To them we lift our humble plea
For equal laws, and get, at best,
"Pooh!" for reply, and "Tush!" for repartee.

Give me a Government that notes
The wrongs of us who make no odds,
Who miss, with thin and scrannel throats,
The full-mouthed utterance of the gods—
Gods from the vast machine that grinds the votes.

O. S.

POTTYGREW'S BROTHER:**OR, THE AWFUL SECRET.**

"POTTYGREW," I said, as we sat together in the Restaurant Rococo after an excellent dinner, "I have no money to pay the bill."

"Nor have I," he replied, "but Antonio knows me."

"That's just what I feared," I began; but Pottygrew was already diving into his coat.

We passed the pay-box successfully, Antonio smiling and grimacing in our wake.

"But this is wonderful," I said, when we got outside. "We will always dine here. How on earth do you do it?"

"As for always dining here," said Pottygrew, "that is another matter. I don't think we shall ever come here again. Only the direst necessity dragged me hither to-night."

"You have taken too much wine," I said. "The St. Estéphe has been too much for you. You get a good dinner for nothing, and you say you will never go there again. Do not speak like this, I beg of you; it is hardly reverent."

"Cecil," he replied solemnly (he only calls me Cecil when he is deeply moved, and it isn't really my name, but he thinks it is),—"Cecil, you know my family is one of the oldest in Northumbria?"

I shook my head.

"Well, it is. We are mentioned, unfavourably it is true, and in connection with cattle-maiming, but still mentioned in Domesday Book. Always and everywhere we have held our heads high. Elias Pottygrew was mate on the *Victory*—or was it the *Revenge*? Timothy was an army contractor under Charles II.; Benjamin dabbled in the South Sea Bubble, and Paul once proposed to a lady-in-waiting. But we fell on evil days. My grandfather became a solicitor."

Pottygrew paused, his whole frame quivering with emotion.

"This is a very long story?" I said.

"It is a very sad story," he replied.

"Unfortunately my poor grandfather was not what the world calls an honest solicitor. A friend on whose affection he relied instituted enquiries. . . . While he was in prison my father endeavoured to carry on the firm. He did his best, but circumstances were against him—the cold world, the claims of a family, the nature of his profession. At last he gave up the hopeless struggle and joined my grandfather. Thus orphaned, I became an artist; but how little is Art regarded! My dreams were unrecognized, my visions were unperceived, even my nymphs were not bought. I struggled on gamely. Once I took to the pavement and did EDWARD VII. and a wreck at sea in coloured chalks. Briefly I went through all the vicissitudes of a Royal Academician without the knighthood and the suburban castle to crown my end. And then—my poor Andrew!"

"Andrew?" I said dreamily. "Who is he?"

"My youngest brother," said Pottygrew, "a lad of the brightest, the happiest, the most engaging disposition. The image, friends said, of me. I wanted him to be an artist; I saw our names going down to posterity inseparably connected and indeed mixed up, like those of LIPPO LIPPI and FILIPPINO LIPPI. But it was not to be. Aubrey Downmore! how often have I cursed your name!"

"I've never heard you mention it before," I said.

"We met him often," Pottygrew proceeded, "at our club, 'The Tired Pessimists.' He was always talking. One evening he said that a good chef was a finer artist than VELASQUEZ; his monuments, he declared, were more lasting than brass. Next morning my brother had disappeared."

"I don't see the connection," I said.

"Nor did I at the time," Pottygrew went on; "but, after searching in vain for several months, I came here. Cecil, my poor brother was, he is, Antonio the chef."

"But Antonio's an Italian."

"No more Italian than yonder organ-grinder," said Pottygrew; "born and bred in Camberwell. He has nothing to do with the dinners, he doesn't know a sausage from a *pêche Melba*. He runs the place, he stands at the door and gives the foreign touch which Englishmen love and so few foreigners can give. It's all manner; Andrew always had a manner."

Pottygrew's emotion was too much for him. I seized him by the arm and drew him toward The Cod and Lobster.

"A drink will revive you," I said.

Pottygrew examined his pockets, shook his head and turned slowly away.

"I have no more brothers," he said.

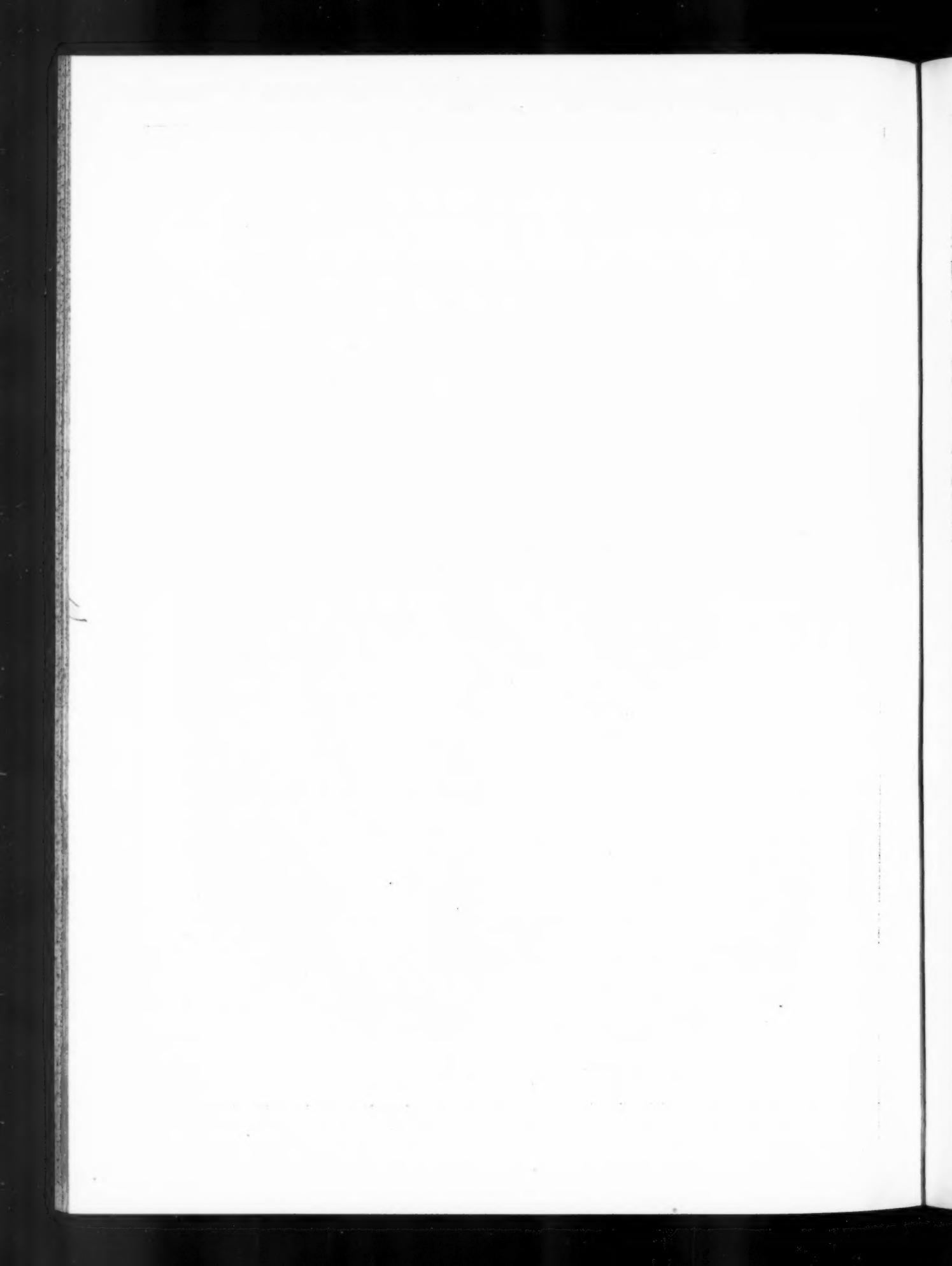
"Happily on this occasion it is no mere conventional cliché to say *Primo avulso non deficit alter aureus*."—Times.

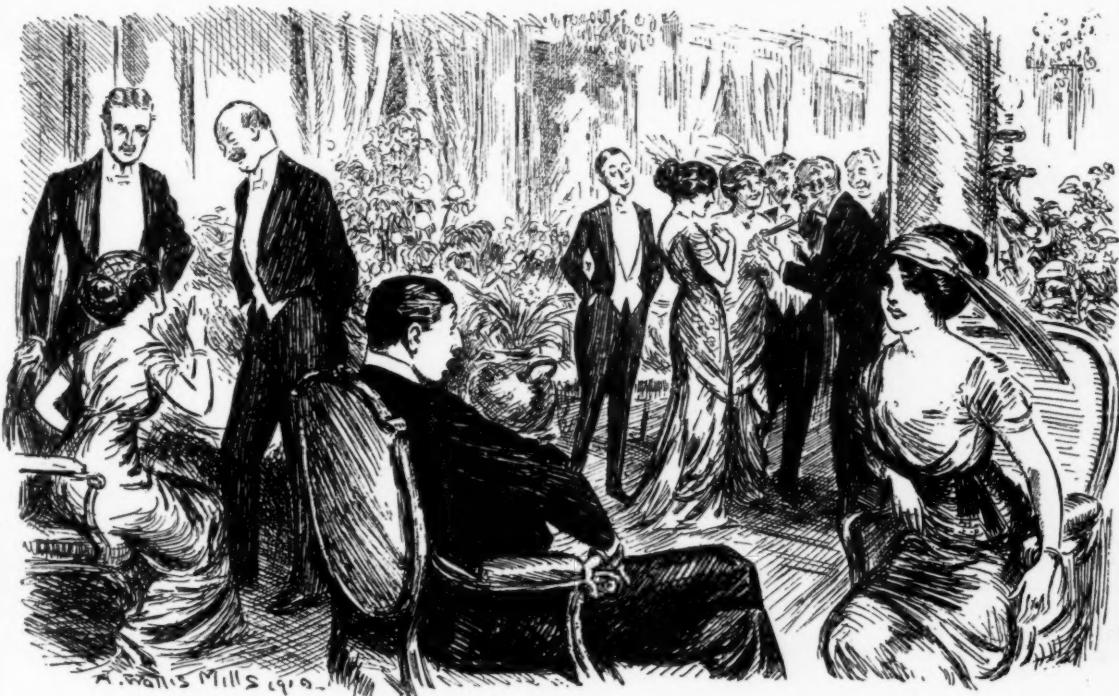
Yet having heard it almost incessantly in every tram, bus and tube during the last few days, we are getting rather tired of it.



SUBJECT TO CORRECTION.

EUROPA. "NOW THEN, GET ON WITH YOUR MAPS, AND WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED THEM BRING THEM TO ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE YOU'VE GONE WRONG!"





She. "THERE'S ALWAYS A CROWD ROUND THE DEAR OLD PROFESSOR. HE'S SUCH A WONDERFUL CONVERSATIONALIST."

He. "Lor'! YOU REALLY THINK SO? I TRIED HIM JUST NOW ON EVERY POSSIBLE TOPIC—HOUNDS, BRIDGE, GOLF, MUSIC-HALLS, EVERYTHING—AND HE WAS SIMPLY USELESS."

CHRISTMASSY CHATS.

By Aunt Lottie.

"GRANDPA'S LITTLE GIRLIE."—You have not enough pennies, you say, to buy your dear grandpapa anything he would care for at Christmas. What do you say, my dear little niece, as you are such a clever little girl with your paint-box, to using your *talent* to give him some Christmas happiness? You might watch your opportunity after he has retired to bed on Christmas Eve, take away some of the things he is in the habit of wearing every day, and exercise your skill as a painter on them. Think how delighted dear grandpapa would be, when he rose on Christmas morning, to find that his "Little Girlie" had painted a wreath of holly on his skull-cap and some robins on his waist-coat!

"FIANCÉE."—Certainly. I am overjoyed to advise a grown-up "niece" on such a point. A tie-case is always a welcome present to a man, and of course he would value it much more if you made it than if you bought it. Wonders can be done by deft fingers with old cardboard boxes and newspaper. Cut the cardboard to the shape and size you want, and cover it neatly with newspaper. A seasonable touch may

be given to this beautiful and useful gift by adding a holly berry at each corner.

"TIMJY."—A very pretty present may be made by gluing the ends of empty cotton-reels together and painting or (if you are able to purchase some gold-leaf) gilding them. The *length* of this present depends on the number of empty reels you can collect and the taste of the person for whom it is intended. It cannot, of course, quite take the place of a good ruler, but is a gift that often pleases when costlier and more elaborate ones are thrown aside.

"MATERFAMILIAS."—I am only too glad to advise Papas and Mammas also. No, you need not go to the trouble and expense of a Christmas Tree at your juvenile party. An *immensely* exciting substitute can be had by seating the children round a large table, giving them pencils and paper, and telling them to *draw* what they would have liked to have had there been a Christmas Tree. This causes endless fun. If, however, some of the children should seem *aggravated* by this game and inclined to be sullen, you might set those little ones to play at something else.

"TOTS."—You can make a very sweet and useful present for your grown-up sister from an empty pill-box. See

that there are no pills in the box, dust it out well, and paste a bright little picture over the label. With a pinch of powder and a teeny puff in it it will make as dainty a "vanity" adjunct as a duchess could wish to carry.

"PONSIE."—As your big brother is musical and in the habit of singing when invited out you might make him a strong yet dainty carrying-case for his songs. All you will want for this delightful gift is brown-paper and glue.

"KITS."—Why not give her a set of table-mats? People cannot have too many of these. Did you collect the dead leaves in your garden this autumn? If so, thoroughly dry and clean them, and then paste them on paper cut to the size required. When finished you will have a set of table-mats that will be the despair and envy of your cousin's circle!

"BOBBY, SIDDY, WINNY, DOLLY AND THE LITTLE ONES."—So the uncle who is staying with you for Christmas is a little touchy and "hates presents"? Still, like dear children, you would wish to give him some Christmas joy. Suppose, for a charming surprise, you all learn a pretty carol, and go and sing it outside his door before it is light on Christmas morning. I am sure he would be touched.

APOLLO.

I MET Apollo face to face, some four years ago, at a country-house party in Leicestershire. It was on the second day after Christmas, a very fine bright day for the time of year. There were many children in the house, several of them belonging to our host and hostess, and to please them our host had on this particular afternoon provided a Punch and Judy show, "one of the real old-fashioned sort," as he put it, "plenty of rooti-too-it, dog Toby, and all the rest of it." There were to be two performances, one for us and the children (including those of the immediate neighbourhood) in the early afternoon, and another for the servants in the evening. It was at the first of these that I saw Apollo.

I have always loved a Punch and Judy show. The directness and ferocity of the characters, the succession of infamous and jovially executed crimes and the swift completeness of the nemesis fascinate me now as they did when I was a child, and in watching this tremendous drama I can forget appointments of the most sacred and punctual character. Toby, too, is a delight to me. About every Toby that I have ever seen there is a noble and almost haughty melancholy, as of one who, made by nature to shine in the throng of the gay and careless, has been forced by the *res angusta domi* to sit in a frill on a precarious ledge and, at the appropriate moment, to seize a blood-stained plebeian puppet by the nose.

I had often wanted to meet a Toby in private life, and here at last was an opportunity. Accordingly, when Punch had duly paid the penalty of his atrocities and the rapturous show was over, I stayed behind to have a few minutes of conversation with the showman, while his assistant restored the properties to their box and made all snug. Toby, relieved of his frill, the degrading badge of servitude, was rolling on the grass, investigating bushes, squaring up to a stray spaniel, scraping up the turf, and, in fact, behaving as if the weight of no drama had ever rested on his shoulders. He was a short and sturdy dog with one dependent ear and the other rakishly cocked. Partly, no doubt, he was a smooth-haired fox terrier, but there were plain indications of many other breeds about him. Rough-haired terriers, bull terriers, and Scotch terriers and others had all combined at one moment or another to promote his existence and diversify his looks and his colour. Intelligence and affection shone from his brown eyes; and his stumpy tail, now that he was no longer official, wagged with the tremulous quickness of a humming-bird. He

accepted a biscuit, ate half of it, and with an air of guilty cunning conveyed the rest to a distant bush and buried it. Then with a muddy nose he came back and barked huskily for more.

"Yes, Sir," said the showman, "he's a nice dawg. I bred him myself. His father and mother was both in the profession. This little chap was one of a litter of five, and I kept him because he had such bold ways; and when he was only four months old I used to give him Punch to play with, and he'd set atop of him growling like mad and worrying his face and tossing him up and trying to ketch him, and running races round him and taking him off when he thought I wasn't looking, and trying to bury him. 'That there dawg,' I says to myself, 'is made for the show,' and I was right. He got most of his natural gifts from his mother. When she had her litter of puppies it almost broke her heart not to be able to act for a day or two. When she heard me give the call and tune up the pipes she'd howl like a human being and scratch at her door to come after me; and once she did get out and waited round the corner for her understudy and give him a rare old towelling. Jealousy, that's what it was. I lost her through a motor-car, and this one's filled her place.



The Learned Professor. "YOU KNOW, MRS. BLOGGS, IT SEEMS A SHAME TO TAKE YOUR BOY AWAY FROM SCHOOL AT SUCH AN EARLY AGE. I MYSELF DIDN'T FINISH MY SCHOOL EDUCATION UNTIL I WAS NINETEEN."

Mrs. Bloggs. "WELL, SOME CHILDREN IS QUICKER AT PICKIN' UP THINGS THAN OTHERS."

to smuggle the dawg home in a hamper so as he shouldn't go to quarantine. He'd have pined away there without the show. You look at him, Sir. Don't he seem to be saying he's a gentleman in private life? Well, so he is, and his private name's Apoller. A gentleman give it him because, he said, Apoller was the god of song, and this dawg can strike a tune better than most. You heard him when Punch tried to give him a wipe over the head.

"No, he ain't an old dawg; rising six is his ticket, and he's got plenty of years before him. So long as him and me is together there'll always be bed and board for him, and if he sees me out there's Joe here to take him on and keep the show going. But you and me ain't going to be parted yet, are we, Apoller?" Apollo understood, for he rose and rubbed his head on his master's hand and gave him a grubby paw. That is how I met the god of song.

"Our programme [cinema] is over 8,000 ft. long."—*Rangoon Times*. Our sympathy goes out to the Programme Girls.



THE SUBMERGED SEX.

"FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, JOHN, PUT YOUR HAT ON STRAIGHT; HERE COME THE HYPHEN-SMITHS."

THE LODE-STAR.

(An attempt to appreciate the most prominent feature in some of our evening papers.)

I AM a dreamer born,
I do not love the rows
Of solid articles that greet the morn ;
I hunger for "the faery lands forlorn,"
The tide that flows
Round visionary castles built in Spain,
Till twilight drops ; till I can turn again
To hark the sound of drummers, hear the horn
Of S-LFR-DGE and his prose.

Hither, my evening sheets !
Thou verdant and thou white,
Who print more large than politicians' bleats
The pride and glory that are Oxford Street's ;
Who durst not slight,
Though Governments go out and Dreadnoughts rot,
The simple legend of how Daphne got
(Aided by tags from EMERSON and KEATS)
Her garment of the night.

Later you rise superb,
To deal with strikes and kings,
Tell how to-day on any London kerb
A chap may butt into a Greek or Serb ;
But first there springs

That rare Byzantine column on the left,
Vocal of shirt-fronts and the woof and west
Of neckwear that no tragedies perturb,
And quiet trouserings.

O passion-haunted pen !
O imagery lush !
Whose is the mind that, brooding like a hen,
Scatters these fantasies, to break o'er men
With gold-hued gush ?
Would I might commune with that spirit dim
That lures all London from the Thames's rim,
From Hampstead and the utmost bounds of Ken.,
To one long bargain-rush.

Ay, give me more and more
Of well-dressed girls and lads,
Till some day, melted by the Master's lore,
I too shall journey to that elfin shore
Where fancy gads ;
Till I too in the flesh shall go and see
This S-LFR-DGE's and pray them, " Carry me
Up to the shrine ; I purpose to adore
The writer of your ads." EVOE.

"Mr. H. Poole, A.R.C.O., at the organ, proved admirable and made the most of his chances in the representation of chaos."
Hastings Observer.

We can do this with the human voice.

MORE SUCCESSFUL LIVES.

V.—THE NEWSPAPER PROPRIETOR.

The great Hector Strong, lord of journalism and swayer of empires, paced the floor of his luxurious apartment with bowed head, his corrugated countenance furrowed with lines of anxiety. He had just returned from a lunch with all his favourite advertisers . . . but it was not this which troubled him. He was thinking out a new policy for *The Daily Vane*.

Suddenly he remembered something. Coming up to town in his third motor he had glanced through the nineteen periodicals which his house had published that morning, and in one case had noted matter for serious criticism. This was obviously the first business he must deal with.

He seated himself at his desk and pushed the bell marked "38." Instantly a footman presented himself with a tray of sandwiches.

"What do you want?" said Strong coldly.

"You rang for me, Sir," replied the trembling menial.

"Go away," said Strong. Recognising magnanimously, however, that the mistake was his own, he pressed bell "28." In another moment the editor of *Sloppy Chunks* was before him.

"In to-day's number," said Strong, as he toyed with a blue pencil, "you apologise for a mistake in last week's number." He waited sternly.

"It was a very bad mistake, Sir, I'm afraid. We did a great injustice to—"

"You know my rule," said Strong. "The mistake of last week I could have overlooked. The apology of this week is a more serious matter. You will ask for a month's salary on your way out." He pressed a button and the editor disappeared through the trap-door.

Alone again, Hector Strong thought keenly for a moment. Then he pressed bell "38." Instantly a footman presented himself with a tray of sandwiches.

"What do you mean by this?" roared Strong, his iron self-control for a moment giving way.

"I b-beg your pardon, Sir," stammered the man. "I th-thought—"

"Get out!" As the footman retired, Strong passed his hand across his forehead. "My memory is bad to-day," he murmured, and pushed bell "48."

A tall thin man entered.

"Ah, good afternoon, Mr. Brownlow," said the Proprietor. He toyed with his blue pencil. "Let me see, which of our papers are under your charge at the moment?"

Mr. Brownlow reflected.

"Just now," he said, "I am editing *Snippety Snips*, *The Whoop*, *The Girls'*

Own Aunt, *Parings*, *Slosh*, *The Sunday Sermon* and *Back Chat*.

"Ah! Well, I want you to take on *Sloppy Chunks* too for a little while. Mr. Symes has had to leave us."

"Yes, Sir." Mr. Brownlow bowed and moved to the door.

"By the way," Strong said, "your last number of *Slosh* was very good. Very good indeed. I congratulate you. Good day."

Left alone, Hector Strong, lord of journalism and swayer of empires, resumed his pacings. His two mistakes with the bell told him that he was distinctly not himself this afternoon. Was it only the need of a new policy for *The Vane* which troubled him? Or was it—

Could it be Lady Dorothy?

Lady Dorothy Neal was something of an enigma to Hector Strong. He was making more than a million pounds a year, and yet she did not want to marry him. Sometimes he wondered if the woman were quite sane. Yet, mad or sane, he loved her.

A secretary knocked and entered. He waited submissively for half-an-hour until the Proprietor looked up.

"Well?"

"Lady Dorothy Neal would like to see you for a moment, Sir."

"Show her in."

Lady Dorothy came in brightly.

"What nice-looking men you have here," she said. "Who is the one in the blue waistcoat? He has curly hair."

"You didn't come to talk about him?" said Hector reproachfully.

"I didn't come to talk to him really, but if you keep me waiting half-an-hour— Why, what are you doing?"

Strong looked up from the note he was writing. The tender lines had gone from his face, and he had become the stern man of action again.

"I am giving instructions that the services of my commissionnaire, hall-boy and fifth secretary will no longer be required."

"Don't do that," pleaded Dorothy.

Strong tore up the note and turned to her. "What do you want of me?" he asked.

She blushed and looked down. "I—I have written a—a play," she faltered.

He smiled indulgently. He did not write plays himself, but he knew that other people did.

"When does it come off?" he asked.

"The manager says it will have to come off at the end of the week. It came on a week ago."

"Well," he smiled, "if people don't want to go, I can't make them."

"Yes, you can," she said boldly.

He gave a start. His brain working at lightning speed saw the possibilities

in an instant. At one stroke he could win Lady Dorothy's gratitude, provide *The Daily Vane* with a temporary policy and give a convincing exhibition of the power of his press.

"Oh, Mr. Strong—"

"Hector," he whispered. As he rose from his desk to go to her, he accidentally pressed the button of the trap-door. The next moment he was alone.

* * * * *

"That the British public is always ready to welcome the advent of a clean and wholesome home-grown play is shown by the startling success of *Christina's Mistake*, which is attracting such crowds to The King's every night." So wrote *The Daily Vane*, and continued in the same strain for a column.

"Clubland is keenly exercised," wrote *The Evening Vane*, "over a problem of etiquette which arises in the Second Act of *Christina's Mistake*, the great autumn success at The King's Theatre. The point is shortly this. Should a woman . . ." And so on.

"A pretty story is going the rounds," said *Slosh*, "anent that charming little lady, Estelle Rito, who plays the part of a governess in *Christina's Mistake*, for which ("Manager" Barodo informs me) advance booking up to Christmas has already been taken. It seems that Miss Rito, when shopping in the purlieus of Bond Street . . ."

Sloopy Chunks had a joke which set all the world laughing. It was called—

"BETWEEN THE ACTS."

Flossie. "Who's the lady in the box with Mr. Johnson?"

Gussie. "Hush! It's his wife!"

And Flossie giggled so much that she could hardly listen to the last Act of *Christina's Mistake*, which she had been looking forward to for weeks!"

The Sunday Sermon offered free tickets to a hundred unmarried suburban girls, to which class *Christina's Mistake* made a special religious appeal. But they had to collect coupons first for *The Sunday Sermon*.

The Times, of two months later, said:

"A marriage has been arranged between Lady Dorothy Neal, daughter of the Earl of Skye, and the Hon. Geoffrey Bollinger."

* * * * *

Than a successful revenge nothing is sweeter in life. Hector Strong was not the man to spare anyone who had done him an injury. Yet I think his method of revenging himself upon Lady Dorothy savoured of the diabolical. He printed a photograph of her in *The Daily Picture Gallery*. It was headed "The Beautiful Lady Dorothy Neal."

A. A. M.



IN THE DEVON AND SOMERSET COUNTRY.

Old Labourer (by whom the new doctor, who has just left a critical case, is mistaken for a returning stag-hunter). "EVENIN', ZUR! DID YE KILL 'ER?"

THE SECRET OF ETERNAL YOUTH.

INTERESTING SYMPOSIUM.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You have not asked me for my views on diet and longevity, but you have got to have them all the same. My rule has been simplicity itself—seven square meals a day. I am now ninety-six years of age, whereas, if I had stinted myself, I should probably be years younger. Lord Beever of Oxhoe, with whom I went to school, also lives on seven meals a day. Another famous advocate of generous feeding was JENNER. He was a great friend of mine, and used to say, "If every man lived on seven meals a day, no doctors would starve."

When I was twelve years old my father said, Would you like to go to Harrow or Eton? I said Eton, because I liked the sound of it. Those were the good old days of hampers, and I used to have one every week. My nickname was Friar Tuck. At Cambridge I entered Porterhouse College, and won the Porterhouse Sweepstakes on the Derby in the year 1836.

My third wife, who was the widow of a North American pemmican merchant, brought me a small fortune and I was able to retire from the Bar in 1850 and invest her money in a ruby mine. She was a handsome woman, and her portrait, painted by Sigismund Toots, A.R.A., appeared in the Academy in 1852. Yours irrelevantly,

WINDHAM BAGSHOT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Longevity is incompatible with short commons. It is a matter of liberal diet and long drinks. If you drink nothing at meals you can drink anything you like between them. Conversely, if you drink nothing between meals, you can drink anything you like at them. But the wisest plan is to drink both at and between meals. I need hardly say that I am a teetotaler, but I find that I can achieve variety by the following regimen: 7.30 A.M. China tea; 8.45 A.M. Indian tea; 11 A.M. (in summer) raspberry vinegar; (in winter) ammoniated quinine and ginger-ale; 1.30 P.M. lemon squash; 4.30 P.M. Ceylon tea; 8 P.M. botanic beer; 9 P.M. coffee; 11 P.M. (as a night-cap) hot milk and soda. I

think I ought to mention that the famous artist, Swinburne Coke, once stopped me in the Strand and offered to paint my portrait for Madame Tussaud's.

Faithfully yours,

DESMOND FUSBY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Longevity is of little value without economy. The true secret of health is to be found in the practice of the Snark. He frequently took "breakfast at 5 o'clock tea and dined on the following day." I always do, thus saving seven dinners a week, or, estimating these at 3s. 6d. each—the price of my club dinner—24s. 6d. a week, or £63 14s. a year. As I am now ninety-two and have followed this rule ever since my first marriage—I have been married six times—you can easily see how substantial the gain has been. I need hardly say that I enforced the practice on all my wives.

Yours faithfully, OCTAVUS HENRY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—It is high time that a word of dignified protest should be uttered against the prevailing heresy that longevity is a virtue and grandeur an inseparable attribute of old age. As the author of *Festus* writes: "We



Pursued Burglar (who has escaped through only gap in high fence, to large policeman who has stuck in it). "SO LONG, OLD DEAR. IF WE MUST PART, IT'S NICE TO PART FRIENDS!"

live in deeds not years. . . . We should count time by heart-throbs." The writer who is concerned with the vital expression of the things that matter, who spends his energies in the austere quest of the sovereign word, even though he only publishes one short paragraph every day, he and he alone can face the verdict of posterity with a serenity which mere crude centenarianism is powerless to bestow.

I am, Yours urbanely,
PHIL YOUNGSON.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that a medical man, interviewed in an evening paper, observes that a great deal of energy is dissipated or wasted in the fruitless attempt to digest and assimilate superfluous food. My experience rather is that an immense amount of energy is expended in the entirely unnecessary effort to disseminate superfluous views. I don't object to people being vegetarians if they want to become vegetables, but I can't see why they should be so proud of it. If I lived on paraffin and carrots, or tar-water and bananas, or weak tea and raw London eggs I should keep it dark, instead of proclaiming it from the

hedges. I am only seventy, and I have never been ill but once in my life, and that was when I saw a famous writer eating his lunch. It consisted of cocoa—the most nauseous drink in the world—and parsnips.

Yours disgustedly,
J. BRIGHTON CROWN.

The Search for Pleasure.

From a Calcutta catalogue:—

"There is no one who don't like enjoyments. Children, young and old, all become cheerful with this. In truth enjoyments make the heart happy, the spirit fresh and keep always in good health. Among other things of enjoyments catapult is one as per illustration. Make earthen bullets, dry them in the sun and whenever you like take a few bullets, go out and chase few birds; it won't miss the aim. It is useful for chasers and travellers to keep one."

"His Highness Asaf Jah Muzafr-ul-Mamalik Nizam-ul-Mulk Nizam-ud-Daula Nawab Mir Sir Usman Ali Khan Bahadur Fath Jang, G.C.S.I., of Hyderabad, has been granted the honorary rank of colonel in the Army."

Letters of congratulation should be directed as above. The stamp and address can always be placed on the back of the envelope.

EX CATHEDRÀ. (To my Dentist.)

THANKS, executioner, you did it well;
So swiftly and so suddenly it came,
I scarce had time to register a yell,
Leapt skyward inarticulate, afame.
That crimson string—
Did that come out of me? Poor little
thing!

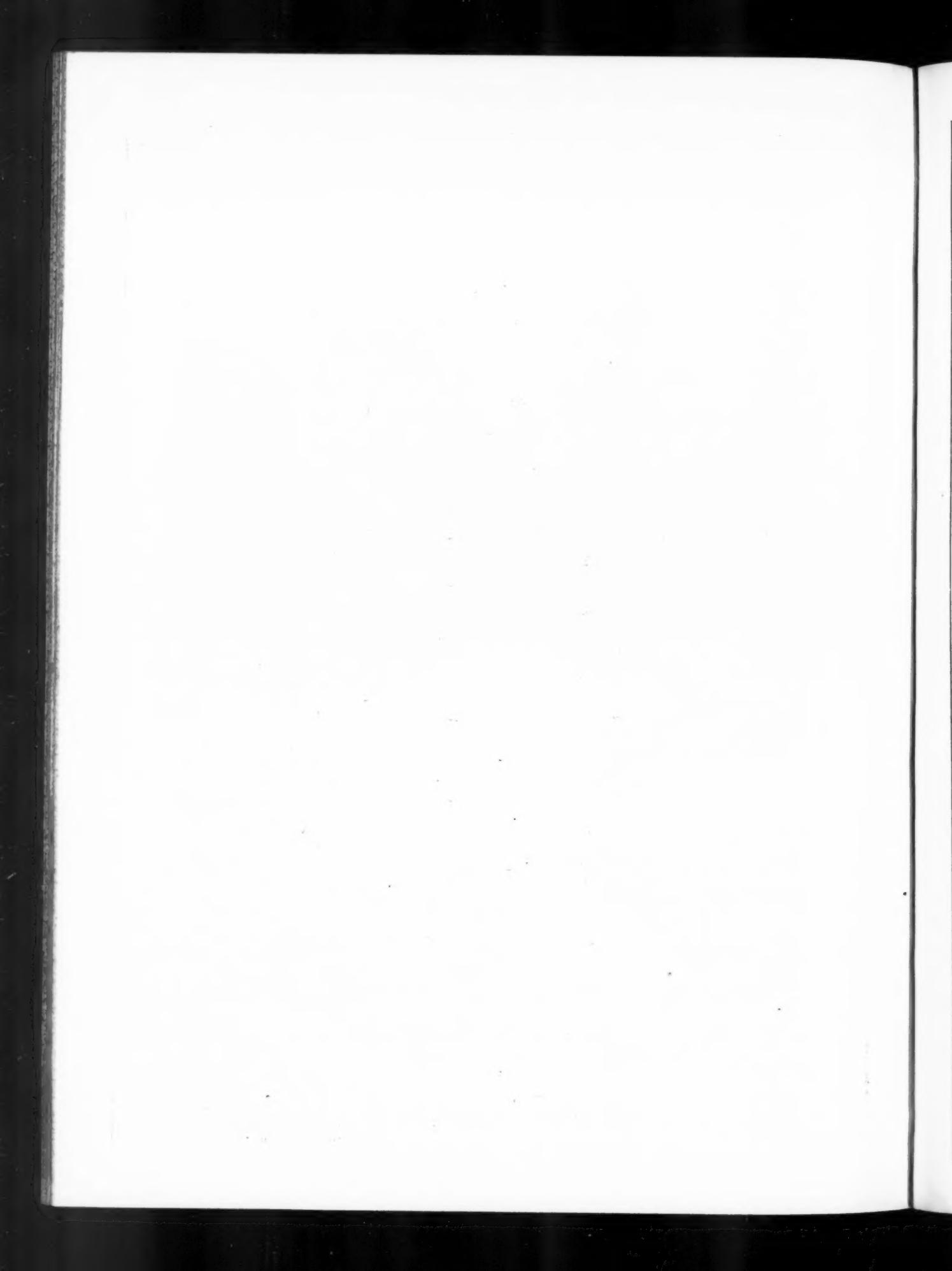
So that's the nerve, then, is it? Thanks
once more;
What treasures we unknowingly
possess!
Moreover, when you tugged and it was
sore,
It used a private channel to express,
In terms of pain,
Exactly what it felt like, to the brain.

Meseems our senses have some common
sense;
Methinks I understand you when you
say
I wired that message at my own ex-
pense,
Saved you from stating, in the usual
way,
It wouldn't hurt;
You must be pleased to find me so alert!

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—DECEMBER 18, 1912.



THE GIFT OF THE SEA-KING'S DAUGHTER.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)



Mr. RUPERT GWINNE—the original, according to SARK, of *Sherlock Holmes*—takes up the Silver Mystery. In the net, Mr. HAROLD BAKER.

House of Commons, Monday, December 9.—Twenty-fourth day allotted for consideration of Home Rule Bill in Committee. Only four more days and up goes the Bill for Report. For that, further allowance of seven full sittings. As the Man in the Street well knows, the Report stage of a Bill is practically Committee at work again, main difference being that proceedings go forward with SPEAKER in the Chair and Mace on Table. Any controversial detail debated and divided upon in Committee may be brought up again at Report stage, discussed and divided upon afresh. Thus by time Bill stands for final ordeal of Third Reading thirty-five days will have been occupied in discussing its details.

Only *Macbeth* inviting *Macduff* to "lay on," or *Oliver Twist*, in circumstances too familiar to permit quotation, would complain of insufficiency of opportunity. For majority of Members it has proved embarrassingly liberal. This afternoon, as heretofore, resumption of sitting of Committee accepted as signal for general clearing out.

Had Clerk at Table, instead of citing Orders of the Day, wildly shouted, "Fire! Fire!" Members could not have fled with greater alacrity. Nor are they in haste to return. Only thing that brings them back is sound of division bell. Then they troop in by hundreds.

Perplexing if, momentarily returning to arena of debate, they were called upon to consider merits of question at whose decision they are about to assist. Happily there is an easier way. The Party Whips are at their posts. They indicate the right lobby for their men to vote in, and in they tumble. Ayes to right of us, Noes to left of us.

Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to vote and fly back to the smoking-room, the reading-room, the library, or whencesoever they may have been summoned by the tintinnabulation of the bell.

All the same, this does not prevent right honourable gentlemen on Front Opposition Bench, or good Unionists in other parts of House, indignantly complaining of reckless tyranny that

rushes revolutionary Bills through at this terrific pace.

Business done.—Clauses 33 to 36 added to Home Rule Bill.

Tuesday.—Idle for SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA and his myrmidons to attempt to throw dust in eyes of RUPERT GWINNE in matter of that transaction in silver carried out through agency of SAMUEL MONTAGU AND COMPANY. On face of it, as regarded by ordinary people, affair very simple. In reply to long series of questions HAROLD BAKER, on behalf of India Office, has given information even tiresome in its minute fulness. Select Committee has extracted evidence to effect that by shrewd management the firm, outmanoeuvring body of honest traders bent on having their finger in the rich pie, saved the Treasury considerable sum.

That all very well in its way. RUPERT GWINNE may be a young man from the country (Sussex), but you can't get over him. Day after day returns to topic with all the energy and freshness of one who approaches it for first time.

Turned up to-day with group of eight further queries marked by curiously intimate knowledge of technicalities of transactions in the silver market; could not be excelled if it were supplied by the baffled traders aforesaid.

SARK, in contradiction of accepted theories, asserts that RUPERT was the lay figure from which character of *Sherlock Holmes* was developed. Certainly there is something in the quietly assertive manner, the cool grey eye with which he fixes the Minister on the rack that recalls the great master of amateur detection. If he were within reach of Treasury Bench one would expect to see him lightly touch representative of India Office in neighbourhood of breast pocket, or peradventure on collar of coat, and produce a rupee which with aid of microscope would disclose damning evidence of criminal connivance between SECRETARY OF STATE and City house, designed to put money into their joint purse. Separated by full breadth of floor he can only smile—a smile of provoking intelligence—as he watches the hapless Minister struggling in net craftily cast about him.

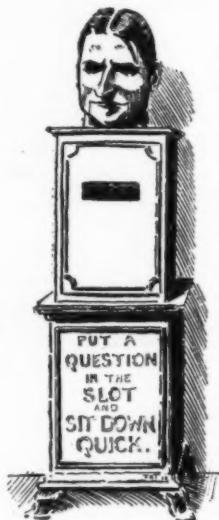
Business done.—Clauses 37 to 41 of Home Rule Bill carried. In course of debate stranger in Gallery fell asleep; even snored. Member in Ministerial camp, worn out by excitement of situation, audibly joined him. Deep answered deep. Cadence of duet rose and fell whilst ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL explained what he proposes to do to ameliorate lot of Irish Royal Constabulary affected by transference of Government.

Thursday.—Monotony of continuous debate on Home Rule varied for some Ministers by pursuit of little side game already referred to in these columns. Winner is the man who can in briefest space of time read answer to Question concerning his Department. For some weeks running made between IRISH SECRETARY, PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE, and FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO TREASURY.

By long practice ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL has trained golden voice to speed that elsewhere might be taken as defying competition. As it happens, petty details with which he is supplied in refutation of minute personal gossip of Nationalist Members are so absolutely immaterial that the fact that no one can intelligently follow his break-neck speed is of no consequence. SYDNEY BUXTON is handicapped by comparatively weak voice which, put to the gallop, soon becomes inarticulate. MASTERMAN, at the start an outsider, has steadily made his way to the front. In justice to his colleagues it should

be said he has advantage of fuller practice. Maid-of-all-work on Treasury Bench, he is liable at shortest notice to be called upon to reply for almost any department. This a long-established custom commonly respected by his predecessors. Incidence of Insurance Act added enormously to his labour at Question time. To inquiries thereupon, majority framed in fashion of intricate conundrums usually addressed to CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO TREASURY habitually replies.

Day after day punctually in his place, bringing his sheaves with him in form of countless type-written folios. Awaits signal to rise and roll off contents. If he emulated deliberate



elocution of JOHN BURNS he would, even if he omitted superfluous pronouns of the first person singular, occupy the whole of time allotted for Questions. To avoid personal predominance distasteful to modest man, he rattles off answers at terrific pace which, if he achieved it in capacity of chauffeur, would bring him to the police court with gyes on his wrists.

Performance curiously suggestive of operation of penny in the slot. Indispensable penny takes form of Questions coming up in catalogue. These being dropped one by one into his mouth (in Parliamentary sense, of course), machinery instantly begins to work. Before Member putting Question has fully resumed his seat MASTERMAN is halfway through the answer.

Business done.—Home Rule Bill through Committee stage.

Driver Nichol Knox.

The Cause of the Railway Strike:—
KNOX *et preterea* NICHOL.

"FOUR-PAWS" IN LONDON.

FOUR-PAWS, we know the sun is white
At dawn in Hampshire when the night
Deserts those frozen miles,
When robin creaks from wintry bush
And early milk-boy's breeches brush
The hoar-frost from the stiles;

Yet shall you never hear him more
Inistent at our cottage door,
Nor of his spoils partake;
Alas, poor puss, who stir and yawn
Uneasy in the London dawn
And in a flat awake.

Four-paws, forgive us! When apprised
Of our departure you devised,
No doubt, some darling plan
Of exodus that should surpass
His who removed last Michaelmas—
Your friend the dairy-man.

A mightier waggon on the road
You pictured and so vast a load
That all should turn and look—
Betsey precarious on the shaft,
Master and Mistress fore and aft,
The carter and the cook,

Nurse, with her knitting, in mid-air,
Carpets in bales, your favourite chair
And (the progressive path
With added glory to invest)
Our Four-paws couchant on the crest
Of an inverted bath.

Alas, what difference disgraced
Our flight! An obscure van replaced
The customary wain;
And you, with many a mournful cry,
Fettered by Betsey in the fly
And hampered in the train.

And now you're here. Well, it may be
The sun *does* rise in Battersea
Although to-day be dark;
Life is not shorn of loves and hates
While there are sparrows on the slate
And keepers in the Park;

And you yourself will come to learn
The ways of London and in turn
Assume your Cockney cares,
Like other folk who live in flats,
Chasing your purely abstract rats
Upon the concrete stairs.

"The debate was resumed shortly after five, and the Hon. J. D. Hazen, Minister of Marine, will probably continue, with slight interruptions, until the Christmas adjournment on the 19th."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Members must not be blamed if they cough and shuffle a little during this monstrous performance.

"The Three Fates—Clotho, the fate that can be averted; Lachesis, she who spins the Destiny of Man; and Apropos, the fate that none can avert or elude."—*T.P.'s Weekly*.

Mal-apropos is the fate that we are always trying to dodge.



Meek Visitor. "ANY LUCK TO-DAY?"

Gruff Angler (who has caught nothing). "YES, THANKS! I HAD A CAPITAL BREAKFAST OF HAM AND EGGS!"

THE RELIC-HUNTING SEASON.

SPLENDID BAGS.

THE Royal Astronomical Society has recently come into the possession of a piece of the identical apple-tree which grew in Sir ISAAC NEWTON's garden and, by the fall of a fruit therefrom, suggested to him the law of gravitation. By a series of coincidences, which are so familiar to students of the doctrine of chances, a number of other interesting relics have simultaneously emerged from seclusion into the genial warmth of publicity.

Apropos of historic apples, it is curious that the civic museum at Lucerne should have just been enriched by one of the pips of the apple which WILLIAM TELL shot from the head of his son. The seed is much shrunk by age, but enough remains to stir the heart of any patriotic Swiss, no matter in what hotel, however distant, he may be acting as porter.

The history of the pip is beyond doubt authentic. The tyrant GESSLER seems to have preserved it as a token of high-class marksmanship and to have left it to his heir. The last of the line,

Fraulein Apfel Gessler, who recently deceased, left it to Lucerne.

Sir SIDNEY LEE, on behalf of the Trustees of SHAKSPEARE'S House at Stratford-on-Avon, has just written a letter of thanks to a Warwickshire gentleman (he prefers to be nameless), who has given to the Trustees a feather from the historic second-best bed left by SHAKSPEARE to ANN HATHAWAY. The interesting thing is that the bed turns out to have been stuffed with swan's down, and the committee of experts have agreed that this warm and luxurious material was torn for the purpose from SHAKSPEARE'S own body. Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE is, however, contesting this, his allegation being that it was torn from BACON, the Swan of Gray's Inn. Be that as it may, the Trustees are to be congratulated on their good fortune.

At a recent meeting of the Entomological Society great enthusiasm was caused by the announcement that the skeleton of the spider which taught the BRUCE the lesson of perseverance had been presented to the Society by Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE. It appears that on the death of the famous arachnid, to

which BRUCE was devotedly attached, he kept its remains together with the web in a small leather case, which he wore round his neck until his death, and which was subsequently preserved at Dunfermline, where he was buried. The web unfortunately has disappeared, having been blown away in the great gale of 1839, but Mr. CARNEGIE has generously offered to present it to the Society in case of its recovery, and has offered a reward of a Free Library to the finder.

Lastly we have to chronicle the acquisition by the Refreshment Department of the British Museum of two of the cakes baked by ALFRED THE GREAT when he was lying *perdu* in the hut of a poor neatherd named GUNTHER. GUNTHER, a man of iron constitution, frequently tried to eat them when provisions ran low, but, owing to their brick-like consistency, failed in his purpose, and on learning the identity of his guest preserved them as an heirloom. Subsequently, under ALFRED's patronage, he set up a confectioner's shop in London and founded the illustrious firm which has ever since had its headquarters in Berkeley Square.

CHARMING YULE-TIDE GIFTS.

By a Lady Contributor.

PRESENTS FOR GENTLEMEN.

What to give one's male friends at the happy season of goodwill is always a difficulty, but all doubts should cease immediately one enters the fascinating doors of Messrs. Jenner and Ossity. Ingenious brains have been busy all the year in devising new and acceptable gifts, and the harvest now on view is a very rich one. Does your male friend smoke? What more suitable and novel than a cigarette case? Messrs. J. and O. have a delightful specimen constructed either of silver, gold, platinum or radium, according to the means of the purchaser or the measure of his or her love, to hold one each. But no one, it may be urged, wants only one cigarette. That is true, but Messrs. J. and O.'s idea is that the single case will be popular because it will discourage indiscriminate benevolence, no one expecting to be offered the only one left, while a number of these cases scattered about the person or worked in a jewelled bandolier made for the purpose will come to the same thing as having the same number of cigarettes in one case—a dull and antiquated arrangement in no way consonant with the novelty which Christmas should induce.

No gentleman is, of course, complete who does not play Bridge and Golf, and Messrs. J. and O. have specialised in neat and attractive accessories to these noble sports. Bridge-markers for the pocket in every design and of every substance may be seen at their establishment, one of the daintiest of which, made of 22-carat gold with enamelled points, is a minute model of S. Sofia at Constantinople—a very pleasing topical idea. One of the most alluring of the golf scoring books, with gold binding, is a miniature copy of *The Hole Duty of Man*, folio. Messrs. J. and O. also make the most perfect pencil-cases in London, and their special 1912 novelty in this direction is a box containing seven pencils, each with a jewelled top and each lettered with a day of the week, so many gentlemen having complained that it is irksome and degrading to use the same pencil two days running. A week's set in gold can be obtained for fifteen guineas.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

For the ladies there are novelties galore. Beautiful devices for moistening insurance stamps are, of course, old; but Messrs. J. and O. have many new designs, one of the most popular of which is a little silver figure of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER with a flannel tongue always kept wet by

means of water; so that the inventor of the stamp is also the licker of it, as is only fit. Messrs. J. and O.'s telegram-openers are a 1912 novelty, and everyone will welcome their silver damp-detectors for the seats of motor-cars: a long-felt want.

But one of their cleverest gifts, the invention of which indicates not only that desire to please which ever distinguishes Messrs. J. and O., but also not a little knowledge of modern feminine weaknesses, is a beautiful morocco Prayer-Book, made in a variety of hues, in the cover of which is a tiny but perfect roulette wheel under glass. Very attractive little I. O. U. books, with counterfoils, for Bridge parties, can also be had for a guinea each, with tiny silver pencil included.

FOR CHAUFFEURS.

Quite a number of delicately appropriate gifts designed for these Hierophants of Speed are exhibited in a special apartment. Amongst these we may notice a charming little electric footwarmer, which can be worn inside the boot, and is ludicrously cheap at five guineas the pair. Very dainty also is the turquoise mounted book-rest, contrived to meet the literary needs of the chauffeur when he is waiting for his employer, with a diamond-hilted moustache-brush attached.

FOR PET DOGS.

Our humbler friends are by no means neglected by Messrs. Jenner and Ossity, and, in fact, everything is done to render the joyous anniversary ever to be happily remembered by them. Jewelled collars are, of course, to be seen in great profusion; but what are more new and charming in their thoughtfulness are the gold and silver napkin rings for the little darlings, with a place for the name to be engraved. Photograph frames for the portraits of pedigree dog's father and mother side by side, are deservedly favourite gifts, and indicate Messrs. J. and O.'s thoroughness.

"After several hours' conversation to-day (Tuesday) with King Peter, M. Hartwig, the Russian Minister to Servia, said to leading Servian journalists:

'Gentlemen, get ready to pack your ion in every respect.'

These words are interpreted to imply that the situation is extremely serious."

New York Times.

For one of the sub-editors, perhaps.

"A. A.—There are 773,746 words and 3,566,480 letters in the Bible, and 3,882,851 acres in Yorkshire."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

An easy win for Yorkshire—unless a recount is demanded.

A MUTUAL MALADY.

WHEN Cecil gets a cold,
Or what he calls the "flu,"
I know, alas, of old,
Exactly what to do:

With unobtrusive sympathy, that's
rather felt than seen,
I fetch the eucalyptus, I look for the
quinine.

At that initial sneeze,
Full-throated and unchecked,
My marrow seems to freeze,
My gaiety is wrecked;
And, later, by each subsequent cacophonous "a-hem,"
All conjugal hilarity is boycotted *pro tem.*

A pall obscures our home,
It drapes the invalid,
No more he wants to roam—
I rather wish he did.

One hand supports his temple, and
while wheezily he breathes
He's thinking who will "follow" and
who'll send the biggest wreaths.

Some husbands make complaint;
He is not one of those;
But, patient as a saint,
He sits and blows his nose,

As by the fire he cowers in a room
that faces South,
A clinical thermometer protruding from
his mouth.

By rum and honey, hot,
The cold is next attacked.
He gulps down quite a lot—
Then comes the final act,

When, ousted by the biliousness that
promptly intervenes,
The cold (or influenza) disappears be-
hind the scenes.

In short, it takes a week
To see the business through,
By then my pallid cheek
Suggests a tonic too;

And I'm sometimes apt to wonder if a
cold (or "flu") is worse
For the melancholy patient or the sym-
pathetic nurse!

From a list of guests in *The West-
minster Gazette*:

"Dr. Andrew Beattie (Dublin), the Rev. James Drummond (Oxford), LL.D., Hon. D. Litt., Mr. J. Stewart Wallace, Mr. C. R. Cooke-Taylor."

We are glad to see that our friend
Mr. David Litt is about again.

"Johnny Summers (Canning Town) and Sid Burns (Aldgate), weighed in at two o'clock to-day, the former sealing 10st. 2lb. and the latter 1st. 5½lb."—*Liverpool Evening Express.*
Shame, Johnny! Hit somebody your own size! (Still, we shall put a fiver on him.)

THE COCOA-MAKERS AT BOURNVILLE SEEM TO HAVE A GOOD TIME [SEE ADVTS.], BUT THIS IS NOTHING TO THE BLISSFUL LIFE OF THE MAKERS OF PUNCH. THE FOLLOWING TRACINGS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS CANNOT LIE.



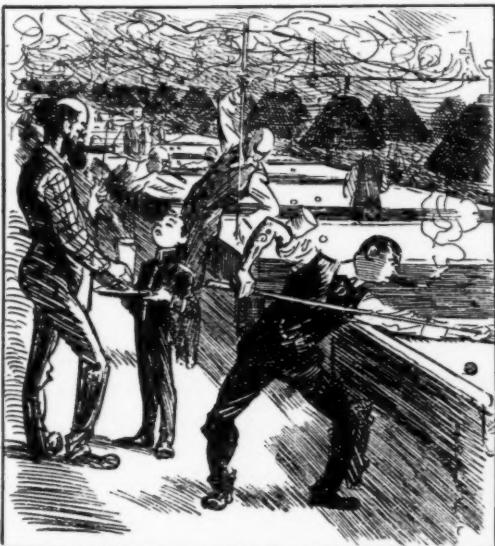
THE PUNCH COMPOSITOR'S POLO-GROUND.



THE PUNCH PLEASAUNCE (WHITEFRIARS).



THE PUNCH TYPISTS' SWIMMING-BATH IN THE GARDEN AT THE BACK OF BOUVERIE STREET.



THE PUNCH PROOF-READERS' BILLIARD-ROOM—SIXTY TABLES.

IF A PUNCH EMPLOYEE MARRIES, HER BRIDAL DRESS IS GIVEN BY THE FIRM, AND MANNEQUINS FROM PUCILLE'S ATTEND AND THE BLUSHING MAID MAKES HER CHOICE.
T. H. TOWNSEND 1912

THE LEAGUE.

"EVERYTHING," said Mrs. Todd, bursting in upon us—"everything is combined against me." And she sighed heavily.

The house-party, Charles Derwent and myself, that is, smoked on in sympathetic silence. Todd was not present; he was included in the "everything."

"There is a league," she said, adding, as she brandished a couple of handsome candlesticks, "and these are the last to join it. Really, isn't it vexing?"

"Most vexing," said I.

"Too vexing," said Charles.

The pair of us sat uneasily, trying to look a good deal more vexed than our inner feelings warranted. Our private difficulty was that this was a Saturday morning, and a weekend at the Todds' is the most comfortable prospect in the world. Moreover, we knew that Mrs. Todd is really the happiest of women, being the wife of a plutocrat who adores her. At heart she knows nothing but joy, for she has got everything she wants, as she wants it and when she wants it.

"Things," she continued, "have taken a dislike to me, and are determined to do me down. Well, isn't it enough to make anybody depressed?"

"We have said as much," said I; "and if only we might be told to what we are referring, we would say so again, even more emphatically. We are—and I speak for my colleague as well as myself—we are out to oblige."

"It all began by Todd's mother giving us these silver candlesticks."

"How tiresome of her!" muttered Charles.

"And, whether we like it or not, they must be on the table to-night, since she is coming to dine with us."

"How more than tiresome of her!" said I.

"And then Todd, instead of just getting a couple of candles to put in them, must have them converted."

"Converted?" asked Charles. "To what faith?"

"To the electric light."

"The true light?" I put in.

"So far," said Charles, in a judicial manner, "though I agree that Todd and his mother have behaved abominably

in the matter, I don't quite see where the league comes in? Are there no more members?"

"There was next the silver-smith, who, instead of converting them into lamps, as he was told to, adapted them for holding electric candles. These require a peculiarly small bulb which our local electrician, also in the plot, did not stock. I went all the way to London to get them, and while I was there I ordered shades and shade-holders. They have just arrived."

"Tell us," said Charles—"tell us how they have got the better of you."

Mrs. Todd paused dramatically and then explained. "I particularly told the shopman that, however much I had wanted electric lamps, what I had got and what I wanted shades and shade-

So she left us, and tripped over the doormat in her exit. That did not surprise her, however; as she said, no doubt the doormat was in the conspiracy.

I don't know whether you have ever met a candlestick which is an electric candlestick. Charles and I had not, so we took one apiece and hastened to make its acquaintance. We soon discovered that the pith of the matter is the candle itself, a porcelain tube, hollow and apparently fragile. If you were to smash it, a lot of brass rods and wires and other mechanism would stand exposed; not a fit decoration for any dinner-table. Charles and I, setting to work upon our several candlesticks without any pre-determined scheme, started, of course, by smashing the porcelain tubes.

Our hostess returned to find her guests very intently engaged in perusing the morning's news. There was nothing incriminating lying about, but one of the discarded weeklies on the floor had a suspicious bulge. However, she did not trouble to look beneath it.

"I find that dear old Todd has been and got shade-holders that will fit candles," she said quite happily. "Things have taken a turn for the better. I am sorry to have wasted your time."

"I suppose," said Charles from behind his paper, "that Todd will have wasted his time if there are no candles for his shade-holders to fit?"

"But I know that there are," she said confidently.

"I shouldn't be too sure," said I. "You know how unpopular you are just now."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

We rose and linked arms. We regarded her with frigid aloofness. We removed the discarded weekly and revealed the *débris* of the porcelain tubes.

"We have joined the league," we said.

"She gave a vivid account of who is as yet almost unknown in Britain." *Scotsman.*

This ought to help him to get known.

"A banker, who doesn't know one note from another, goes into rapture over opera." *Evening Standard.*

None the less it is unwise to offer him a home-made fiver.



Philanthropist. "Now, YOU BOY, WHY DON'T YOU GIVE THAT MAN A HAND?"
Boy. "GIVE 'IM A 'AND! WHY, IT'S GOING OF ITS OWN ACCORD."



GEO. MORROW.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF VALOUR.

THE KING'S REMEMBRANCER TACTFULLY REMINDS HENRY VIII. THAT HIS MAJESTY HAS ALREADY BEEN MARRIED FIVE TIMES.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

King Errant (HEINEMANN) is one of those somewhat perplexing books that set themselves to tell fact as fiction. In it FLORA ANNIE STEEL has accomplished very successfully the task of writing the life of a real man in the terms of a novel. *Babar*, Emperor of India—poet, painter, soldier, athlete, gentleman, musician, beggar, and king—is her hero, and the story of his adventurous life, drawn from his own records, is her material. You will not need my assurance that there is no writer living who could have used it to better advantage. But (and let me hasten to assure Mrs. STEEL that what follows is the sincerest tribute of my admiration) I am glad that the task, well done, will now leave her free for pure fiction again. These stories "founded on fact," even when the result is so fascinating as this quite undeniably is, always produce in me a sensation of profound unreality. I can never enjoy the most witty or appropriate talk because of my suspicion that the real persons never talked it. If the persons are confessedly only real as the creations of a distinguished novelist, I can believe in them whole-heartedly. All of which amounts to saying that while I admired *King Errant* and enjoyed it for what it was, I am so ungrateful as to grumble at its not being the unfettered work of one of my favourite story-tellers, simply because while truth is sometimes stranger than fiction it is often less convincing.

The Bloomsbury boarding-house directed by Mrs. Sockitt, with the languid moral support of that prince of loafers, her husband, was such a cosy little place, and so full of delight-

ful people, that if I had lived there I should certainly have tried to return to it from the grave. I should have wanted to see more of *Miss Meadows*, of *Susette*, of *Owen Bachelor*, and of the maid-of-all-work, *Fanny*, who on Sunday afternoons, sallying out in gay attire, was always met at the corner by a meek young man, whom she invariably greeted with the astonished, "Well—an' w'e're on earth 'ave you sprung from?" The motives, however, which led the hero of Mr. TOM GALLON's *Levity Hicks* (LONG) to make such a return were deeper and more complex. Like most men who die suddenly, *Levity* (short for *Leviticus*) had left much undone that he would have wished to have done before leaving this world; and the second half of the story tells how he came back and did it. As is generally the case with Mr. GALLOON's work, the charm of the book is due to the fact that the author does not forget that he has a sense of humour; though, with such a theme, it has naturally to be held back and only unleashed at somewhat rare intervals. The characters of the inhabitants of the little world of *Sockitt's* are individualized with much apparently effortless skill, and the author reveals a kindly sympathy for all of them, however unprepossessing on the surface, with the single exception of *Horace Rutherford*, concerning whom, indeed, it would require an extraordinarily lenient judge to say a good word. Most of the plot stands or falls by the credibility of *Horace's* villainy; and, as far as I am concerned, it stands. I recommend the book as one of the best I have read for a very long time.

An author who writes in the first person and allows one of his characters to take the liberty of describing him as "spending his mornings in the Museum reading-room and

his afternoons in the reading-room of the Museum, writing dull political leaders which no one reads, and reading musty old books which no one ought to have written," is worth looking into, and Mr. ERIC PARKER is worth that and more. His *Promise of Arden* (SMITH, ELDER) is the sunniest and most natural story I have read this year. Its theme is children and the country, and of the two I prefer the former. With the exception of *Peggy*, who threatens at times to be a prig, they had hardly—God bless them!—a virtue between them. They were gloriously alive and thoroughly destructive. *Dacia* was my favourite; strictly speaking, she was a grown-up, but I cannot find any excuse for her heartless and mischievous flirtations, except by regarding her as a child along with the rest of them. Frankly, I fell in love with *Dacia*, and I had the feeling, as I read, that *Dacia* rather liked me. That, of course, shows how clever Mr. PARKER has been in the making of his flirt. With his picture of the country he has been less clever, or perhaps too clever. Delicate and careful as it is, it has a touch of affectation, which is the very last thing one expects in the real country. Let that pass, however; the main point is that here is a quite delightful novel for the discriminating reader.

I am wondering whether I have had as much pleasure in Mr. G. F. BRADBURY's latest book, *When every Tree was Green* (SMITH, ELDER), as I derived some time ago from his *Dick* (that delightful work!). Almost, I think; and his admirers will understand how high is this praise. One misses, of course, the touch of gravity that

completed Mr. BRADBURY's study of school-boyhood; that is outside the scope of his present task, which is a picture of nursery-life from the child's view, drawn with an engaging humour that is always kindly and never for one moment degenerates into the sentimental. At times it may remind you of *The Golden Age*, and I can only add that acquaintance with his grown-ups will by no means lessen your enjoyment of Mr. BRADBURY's fascinating kiddies. There are six of them, each with a marked and human individuality that is the result (I suspect) of study from an actual model, and with a fine gift for the most varied and pleasant adventure. Read the chapter in which they give rein to a sudden passion for "Doing Good." There is a smile on nearly every page of it (as the advertisements might, but do not, say), a reminiscent smile that acknowledges the truth of Mr. BRADBURY's observation and memory. A book, in short, that will have no enemies and countless friends—and one that no bachelor should be without.

I shouldn't be surprised if PIERRE LE CLEIR's real name were Pierette, so fantastical and so inconsequently feminine is the general handling of *The Enchanting Mysteries* of

Kathleen Carter (GRANT RICHARDS). Here is an eccentric, imaginative and diverting book, which yet contrives to miss the distinction which its opening chapters promised. Nor does it quite escape absurdity; but its faults do not outweigh its odd charm. *Kathleen* is a mid-Victorian actress and danseuse of exquisite beauty and untarnishable virtue. A mysterious *Mr. Gray*, a young foreign potentate, is sojourning incognito in England with his tutor, *Cheyne-Shelton*, a super-intellectual drunken giant with a new and profound philosophy of life (happily only hinted at, not explained). Under the tutor's influence he contracts with *Kathleen* an "amazing marriage," of which there is quite unexpected issue in the person of the boy *Theo*, precociously a poet and predestinate leader of men. The author has not enough skill to make his story bear the weight of the mysteries suggested, or not enough patience to develop the indicated themes which pique the reader's curiosity. Certain things are admirable—the early life of *Kathleen* with quaint adoring little *Miss Reber*; the strange courtship of *Mr. Gray*; the ecstatic but real, understandable friendship of the boys *Theo*, *Arthur* and *Phil*; the very clever invention of the child *Theo's* poems, with the suggestion of the hurrying confusion of ideas far outreaching the immature faculty of expression; and the careful and quite interesting reproduction of the catchwords, attitudes and atmosphere of the period.

The publishers of *Let Justice be Done* (HURST & BLACKETT) announce that it makes its strongest appeal to those readers who insist that a novel shall hold their

attention from first page to last, but, in obedience to Mr. MARK ALLERTON's title, I feel constrained to add that his appeal may not be urgent enough to reach those who like their fiction to bear a resemblance to fact. For my own part, however, I am boyishly delighted to find that my appetite for an honest shoo-fle—the price seems to have gone up—is as eager as ever. Here we see a Lord Chief Justice calmly sentencing a man to death for the crime he has himself committed. I doubt if a novelist's imagination ever reached a giddier height of improbability than this; but Mr. ALLERTON is merely out to give excitement, and if you can swallow a few unlikelihoods I promise that you will get it. Altogether a feverishly engrossing melodrama with a love story duly thrown in, and infinitely better written than the majority of its kind.

Our Rude Reptiles.

"Prods with the office ruler only provoked more violent movement, and at last one officer cut open the bag with his sabre, and two boa-constrictors quickly left the room and slammed the door."

Exeter Express.

"Manners!" as Lord WINTERTON is always saying to his pet boa-constrictor.



PHYSICAL CULTURE IN OUR PARKS.

"NAR, LIS'N. YER GRABS AT THE BAR, SWINGS YERSelf FORW'D, AN' WHEN YER GETS BACK TO ABART SO FUR, JAB YER LEG OVER THE BAR, JUST AS IF YOU'RE GITGIN' ON TO AN 'ORSE, 'AVE WIV ORL YER MIGHT, ON'Y NOT TOO 'ARD, 'OLLER YER BACK ORL THE TIME AN' LET EV'Ry MOVEMENT BE HEASY AN' GRICEFUL. . . . WOT D'YER SAY? YER CAN'T REACH THE BAR? OH! GO AN' 'AVE ANOTHER SWING."